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WEATHER FOR TO-DAY—Conditions favorable for local thunder storms in the afternoon; southerly winds.

MR. HILL AS A PATRIOT.

The Hon. David Bennett Hill, who was formerly well known in connection with Democratic politics in this State, has accepted an invitation to deliver a Fourth of July address at Oswego. The occasion will be unique among Independence Day celebrations, suggesting nothing half so vividly as an exploded fire-cracker trying to keep up its racket.

The occasion which the late Mr. Hill is to celebrate is such a one as he would have had small part in creating. It would be difficult to imagine the self-seeking Sphinx of Wolfert's Roost making one of that devoted body of men who gathered in Independence Hall determined to hang together lest they hang separately. Rather would he be found foregathering with the Tories, who at that time, no doubt, represented the forces of conservatism and property so dear now to the late Senator from New York.

But we can imagine what Mr. Hill would have done had he attended that assemblage called to bring a new nation into being. His argument would have been that the mad course upon which the convention was embarked would sever the American colonies from Europe, upon which they were dependent for trade and for capital. He would have pointed out in solemn if not eloquent phrase that the Americans would by such procedure be utterly deprived of the inestimable privilege of borrowing money abroad, and reduced to the necessity of living on their own resources without giving England a share. If, despite these lucid arguments, the convention of sentimentalists, dominated by emotion, had gone on to declare their independence of the throne of Great Britain, Mr. Hill, supposing him to have been present, would no doubt have offered a resolution commending the wise, patriotic and beneficent reign of George III., and then retired from the convention convinced that he had done his best to save the country. If during the struggle that succeeded the Declaration of Independence Citizen Hill had been heard from, it would probably have been crying that the anarchistic utterances of the Independence Hall gathering had driven all the rich men from the support of the patriots' cause, and that the whole thing should be repudiated and remodelled on a plan satisfactory to King George.

It is hardly necessary to counsel Mr. Hill to reflect well on how much better he could have written the Declaration of Independence before he proceeds to eulogize it.

EUROPE AND ISLAM.

The concert of Europe appears to be on the point of bringing its discreditable part in the Graeco-Turkish dispute to a conclusion. A treaty of peace is said to have been agreed upon, by which Turkey is to secure a slight "rectification of frontier," but no villages, and Greece is to pay an indemnity of $30,000,000.

The European powers may extricate themselves from their immediate difficulties in this fashion, and be thankful that things are no worse, but justice still has its part in the affairs of the world, and the last has not yet been heard of Europe's shameful betrayal of Christendom. Moslem fanaticism has been unchained, and if the next few months find the English fighting for their lives in India and Egypt, the French in Algeria and Tunis and the Russians in Turkestan and the Caucasus the verdict of the world will be that they are getting exactly what they deserve.

THE CENTRAL AMERICAN UNION.

The accession of Guatemala and Costa Rica to the Greater Republic of Central America, thereby bringing the whole region between Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama under one confederate government, is an important landmark in the political progress of this continent. The Central American union is still very loose—little more, in fact, than a close alliance, but it is headed in the right direction. It shows that the people of the tropics have learned something by eighty years of revolutions. The current that set so long toward anarchy has been reversed.

Under Spanish rule all Central America was under the single Captain Generalcy of Guatemala. It remained one country for a time after independence. Then the impatience of control that has made this century such an unfortunate one for the Spanish-American people split it into fragments, and five jealous, often warring, republics caricatured the art of government on its territory. At last the spirit of order has begun to assert itself. Honduras, Nicaragua and Salvador united two years ago, and invited the other two republics to join them. The union has now been consummated, and Central America rises to the rank of Colombia, Peru and Venezuela. It is still not a power of the first or the second rank, but it is no longer a negligable quantity. It is not likely that there will be any more Corinto affairs as long as the five republics hold together.

THE TAILORS AND THE TARIFF.

Notwithstanding the natural objection to paying duties entertained by people who can afford to go abroad every year and buy their clothes in person, the tailors who demand a restriction of the amount of personal wearing apparel which may be imported free of duty occupy a logically unassailable position. The only justification of the present absence of restriction would lie in a free trade policy. If taxes are to be imposed for the protection of home industries, there is no valid reason why the tailors should not get their share of the benefits, and if one set of citizens is compelled to pay duty on an article why not another?

In fact, the present revenue regulations in respect to personal belongings have been used continually to the disadvantage of the citizen who cannot afford to go abroad and of the retail merchant. The latter is compelled to pay duty upon the articles he imports for sale, while similar goods are brought in free by travellers. As a result, both the merchant and the home-staying consumer are forced to pay more than the fortunate tourist. Practically our Government imposes a tax upon the merchant and the stay-at-home citizens for spending their money in this country, while it relieves from this tax those who spend their money abroad.

At a recent banquet of retail merchants one of the diners read a paper upon this subject, in which he asserted that $50,000,000 would be a moderate estimate of the amount of personal baggage annually brought into the United States free of duty through this port alone. It is notorious that the average traveller, incited by the comparative cheapness of certain articles manufactured abroad, purchases to the extent of his means both for himself and his friends. The articles thus secured are passed free of duty almost invariably, the conscience of the average citizen being extremely elastic when it comes to making declarations to a customs official.

Under the present law any personal effects may be entered free provided that the station in life of the owner would warrant the officials in assuming that they were intended for his personal use. This enables the millionaire to bring in almost anything he pleases, while the poor man would rest under suspicion if he had spent his savings with even moderate liberality. The law also offers an excellent opportunity for dishonest tradesmen to evade their obligations through agents, who swear that the articles imported for sale are intended for their personal use. Thus dressmakers and milliners who cater exclusively to the rich have repeatedly brought in Parisian dresses and bonnets without paying a cent of duty, although these were intended for wealthy and fashionable customers.

Even under a "tariff for revenue only" policy the Government intended to place a restriction upon the amount of personal baggage which could be imported free of duty, and it was only because of the difficulty encountered in securing any tariff legislation that this feature, which was included in the amendments to the administrative section, was dropped with the other amendments to that section by Mr. Wilson. Now that the new Administration is pledged to pass a tariff law which shall protect home industries, it is difficult to understand how it can fail to recognize that those tradesmen and other citizens who spend their money at home have equal rights with those who spend theirs abroad.

ANNEXATION AND SHIPPING.

The opponents of Hawaiian annexation have made the startling discovery that the treaty in its present form would permit foreign ship owners to secure Hawaiian registers for their vessels and then use them in the American coasting trade. The result of this privilege would be that the Hawaiian registry would be stuffed with British tramp steamers in advance of annexation, and "every American shipyard would be closed for ten years." That would be a melancholy situation indeed, but happily the danger is not imminent. In view of the strong opposition in the Senate to annexation under any circumstances it is not at all likely that the Hawaiian authorities would tolerate a wholesale abuse of their flag for the avowed purpose of buncoing Uncle Sam. Hawaii is a small country, and the Hawaiian merchant marine is all employed in certain definite lines of trade. The registration of a single important foreign steamer would attract attention, and the registration of two or three would set all Honolulu to talking. If there were any danger of a really important burglarious attempt upon our coasting trade the Hawaiian authorities would doubtless be willing to take the necessary steps to prevent it. A supplementary convention to that end could do no harm in any case.

DISCIPLINING A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

President E. Benjamin Andrews, of Brown University, is the latest educator to realize the dangers that accompany the possession of opinions and courage in expressing them. It appears that that great and good man, John D. Rockefeller, whose career should be an inspiration and whose character a beacon light to all college youth, was on the point of giving Brown a million dollars, but refrained in order to express his disapproval of the president's "free silver and free trade views." The trustees of the college, conceiving that the chief purposes of institutions of learning are to collect alms from millionaires and discourage thought among students and professors, have therefore appointed a committee to wait on the misguided president and urge him to suppress his opinions, lest other millions, now held by trust magnates, gamblers, highwaymen or other criminals, may be diverted from the institution.

The least important feature of this edifying incident is that in the sense in which the phrase was used in the recent campaign, President Andrews is not an advocate of free silver. His principal book on the financial question, "An Honest Dollar," did indeed furnish the silver advocates with many pat texts and pertinent arguments, but the author's own position was that of a man disagreeing with Mr. Bryan both on the question of ratio and the expediency of independent action.

But the really significant feature of the affair is the new evidence it gives of the intolerance of concentrated wealth and the determination of men possessing it to control the institutions of learning, to stifle in them free speech and free investigation, and to cause college bred men to be cast in one mould, and that a mould formed by the beneficiaries and defenders of special privilege. As the fact that President Andrews was not a "Bryanite" is without pertinency, so, too, in this particular case the fact that the lost million was tainted wealth, won through the nefarious and often criminal operations of the Standard Oil Company, is without bearing. The willingness of the trustees to coerce the president into abandonment or suppression of his convictions is the vital point. Other illustration of the coercive purposes of professed benefactors has been furnished within a week in the refusal of a New York merchant to attend the commencement of a college to which he had made a heavy benefaction, merely because a man for whom the American people had cast 6,500,000 votes for the Presidency had been invited to deliver the commencement oration. It has still earlier exemplification when the same trust magnate whose millions are now to be used to gag the president of Brown forced a professor of economics out of the Chicago University for the high crime of urging municipal ownership of gas works when the Standard Oil Company was interested in the local monopoly.

The insolence of those who would attempt to poison the fountain head of learning under pretence of making it more freely accessible to all is exceeded only by their blindness. College bred men wield considerable influence in the country. But this influence will be wholly dissipated if it becomes the general conviction that the education they have received has been given them by teachers who have sold their intellectual birthright for a mess of pottage. If the college is but to echo the economic and political sentiments of any millionaire—however corrupt his methods of wealth-getting—who may endow it, the public utterances of its graduates will be discredited in advance.

At the banquet in their honor it was developed that none of our wandering bimetallic commissioners were able to speak French and that none of their secretaries could help them out of their dilemma. Possibly the Government will make another appropriation to enable them to make themselves understood while they are enjoying themselves abroad.

Mr. Platt's hired men are laying great stress on the fact that Hon. Seth Low voted for Cleveland in preference to Blaine. Is it not rather late for the Platt people to become annoyed over the misfortunes of the late Mr. Blaine?

Notwithstanding the fact that Wolfert's Roost is not constructed of armor plate, its occupant continues to engage in a species of stone throwing which will be sure to force him to call in a glazier.

If Tom Reed is the leader of the minority in the next House of Representatives, he will be sure to encounter some unpleasant self-made precedents.

Mr. Foraker is going to Ohio to make a Fourth of July oration. Mark Hanna will probably go along so as to see just where the stick comes down.

Short Stories Versus Novels.

By Ambrose Bierce.

In Collier's Weekly of June 3 Mr. Edgar Fawcett says:

"The short story is always distinctly a sketch. It cannot express what is the one greatest thing in all literature—intercommunion of human characters, their juxtapositions, their contrasts. * * * It is not a high form of art, and its present extreme popularity bespeaks decadence far more than advance."

There are just as many opinions as to what is "the one greatest thing in all literature" as there are writers who have not surprised the secret of success in their own literary work; so it would be unfair to deny to Mr. Fawcett the right to take his turn at its identification.

The one greatest things in all literature are as plentiful and obvious, apparently, as the sole causes of the decline of the Roman power, yet new ones being continually discovered, it is a fair presumption that the supply is inexhaustible; and Mr. Fawcett being an ingenious man could hardly fail to find one and catalogue it. The one that he would discover is pretty sure to be as good as another and to abound in his own work—and Mr. Fawcett does not write short stories, but exceedingly long ones.

So "the intercommunion of human characters," and so forth, goes. Nevertheless, I venture to think that one fairly great thing in all literature is the power to interest the reader. Perhaps an author having the other thing can afford to forego that one, but its presence is observable, somehow, in much of the work that is devoid of that polyonymous element noted by Messrs. Fawcett, Thomas, Richard and Henry. Having that fact in mind, and the further fact that in his own admirable sonnets (for example) the intercommunion, etc., is an absent factor, I am disposed to think that Edgar is Fawcetious.

The short story, quotha, "is not a high form of art;" and inferably the long story—the novel—is. Let us see about that. As all the arts are essentially one, addressing the same sensibilities, quickening the same emotions and subject to the same laws and limitations of human attention, it may be helpful to consider some of the arts other than literary and see what we can educe from the comparison.

It will be admitted, I think, that even in its exterior aspect St. Peter's Church is a work of high art. But is Rome a work of high art? Was it ever or could it by rebuilding be made so? Certainly not, and the reason is that it cannot all take attention at once. For the same reason a painting of the usual size may be high art, but a panorama cannot be; in viewing one part of it you forget another, and there is no unity of impression. We may know that the several parts are co-ordinated and interrelated, but we do not discern and feel the co-ordination and interrelation.

An opera or oratorio that can be heard at a sitting may be high art, but if in the manner of a Chinese play it extended through the evenings of a week or a month, what would it be?

So with a novel or an epic poem; it cannot without weariness and a flagging attention be read at a sitting. Part A is effaced by part B, that in its turn by part C, and so to the end. The only way to get unity of impression, totality of effect, from a novel is to shut it up and look at it.

Not only is the novel, for the reasons given, and for others, a faulty form of art, but because of its faultiness it has no permanent place in literature. In England it flourished less than a century and a half, beginning with Robertson and ending with Thackeray, since whose death no novels, probably, have been written that are worth attention; though as to this one cannot positively say, for of those written only a few have been read by competent authority.

The French novel, too, and the German are as dead as kippered herrings, and apparently with as little hope of a blessed resurrection. In Russian literature the novel has still something of vitality, for it is still young, new—"novel." That in all these literatures novels are still produced in suspicious abundance and read with fatal acclaim is nothing to the purpose; I am speaking of the novel as a work of art, whereas the novel of to-day has no art broader and better than that of its individual sentences—the art of style.

Among the "other" reasons why the novel is both inartistic and impermanent is this—it is mere reporting. True, the reporter creates his events and characters, but that itself is a fatal objection, placing it on a plane distinctly inferior to that of history. Attention is not long engaged by what could, but did not, occur to individuals; and it is a canon of the trade that nothing is to go into the novel that might not have occurred. Probability—which is but another name for the commonplace—is the keynote. When that is transgressed, as in the great fiction of Scott and Hugo, the work is romance, another and superior thing, addressed to higher faculties with a more imperious insistence. The singular inability to distinguish between the novel and the romance is one of criticism's capital ineptitudes. It is like that of a naturalist who should make a single species of the squirrels and the larks. Equally with the novel, the short story may drag at each remove the lengthening chain of probability, but there are fewer removes. The short story does not, at least, cloy attention, confuse with overlaid impressions and efface its own effects.

Great work has been done in novels. That is only to say that great writers have written them. But great writers may err in their choice of literary media, or may choose them wilfully for something else than their artistic possibilities. It may occur that an author of genius is more concerned for gain than excellence—for the nimble popularity that comes of following a literary fashion than for the sacred creditials of a slow renown.

The acclamation of the multitude may be sweet in his ear, the clink of coins, heard in its pauses, grateful to his purse. To their gift of genius the gods add no security against its misdirection. I wish they did. I wish they would enjoin its diffusion in the novel, as for so many centuries they did by forbidding the novel to be. And what more than we have might we not have had from Virgil, Dante, Tasso, Camoens and Milton if they had not found the epic poem ready to their misguided hands? May there be in Elysium no beds of asphodel and moly for its hardy inventor, whether he was Homer or "another man of the same name."

A Genuine Heroine.

[Atchison Globe.]

In order to give the people a good impression of her husband, an Atchison bride put away two of her handsomest dress patterns to be made after marriage, when her husband will be given the credit of buying them.

DUDEDOM DISCUSSES MR. BOURKE COCKRAN.

Consensus of Opinion as to What Greek Statue He Resembles While Loitering with the British Nobility.

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

EARLY last week I called attention in this column to the fact that the nobility of England had made the remarkable discovery that the Hon. Bourke Cockran resembled a Greek statue. At the same time I expressed some curiosity as to what particular Greek statue was thus honored. This appears to have been accepted by the general public as a cue for written discussion. For the last six days my mail has bulged with letters from all sorts of people on this subject. I have made a few selections that seem to me to be worthy of type.

Cholly Knickerbocker, Esq.:

Dear Sir—Your advice to the world of fashion to cram up on Greek statues, so as to be able to recognize Bourke Cockran when he returns to America, is unnecessary. I don't believe that Bourke Cockran will ever come back to this country. Like some other of our adopted citizens who have made fortunes out of politics, Mr. Cockran goes to England to spend his dollars. But that is begging the question. Your kindly advice is given on the supposition that Mr. Cockran will come back to us some time. Let us grant that he will. Even then, don't you think that it would have been better to have advised your readers to cram up on Bourke Cockran, rather than on Greek statues? I am an old New Yorker, and I know what I am talking about. However ignorant Gotham's world of fashion may be of Greek art, it knows a darned sight more about that subject than it does about B. C. Yours truly WALDORF.

Zeus.

Aside from his shocking and unnecessary emphasis, I think that "Waldorf" is wrong. Mr. Bourke Cockran is a social protege of Mr. Perry Belmont, and I have seen him in the height of the opera season gliding from the loge of Mrs. William C. Whitney to those of Mrs. George Gould and Mrs. Henry Sloan, while all the lorgnettes in the Metropolitan Opera House were concentrated on the outlines of that figure which the judicious and experienced and well trained eyes of the "upper succles" of British society have found to resemble a Greek statue. Gotham's "Four Hundred" knows of Mr. Bourke Cockran, although it may not know him. Here is another letter that is much more to the point:

Cholly Knickerbocker, Esq.:

Dear Sir—I notice that you are anxious to know what Greek statue it is that Mr. William Bourke Cockran resembles. I know Mr. Cockran from Alpha to Omega. There isn't any part of his history that I am not acquainted with from his days of pedagogy in Westchester County to his oratorical tour for McKinley and gold. The Greek statue that he most resembles is the chryselephantine statue of Zeus, at Olympia. In the first place nothing but Zeus would suit the self-complacency of Bourke. When it comes to a display of this kind he must be not only a god but the daddy of the gods. Another thing—this chryselephantine statue was built up with inferior materials, veneered, as it were, with ivory for the flesh, and gold decorated with color for the hair and garments. I have been in politics with Bourke Cockran, in club life with him, and I have seen him in the short social existence that he has led in New York, and I must say that the British aristocrats are right in saying that he resembles a Greek statue; but it is always a chryselephantine statue whether it be of Zeus or some other god.

MANHATTAN CLUB.

That is a convincing sort of a communication and appears to be authoritative, for the Manhattan and Larchmont Yacht clubs are the only social organizations to which Mr. Cockran belongs in New York, unless his name has been added recently to the membership roll of the Metropolitan, or "Millionaires' Club," as it is more commonly known. But Mr. Cockran has his ardent admirers also. Just listen to this one:

Cholly Knickerbocker, Esq.:

Sir—I don't like you and there isn't aybody in our club that does. You think you are smart. Mr. Bourke Cockran is a hero. He laughs at pigmies like you. He is Hercules. To his twelve original labors he had added that of utterly destroying the free silver heresy. The country owes its prosperity to him. He is not only a Greek statue, but a Greek statue of gold.

CALUMET.

That is pretty lively for the Calumet Club, where the honey flows and the pap bottle passes from hand to hand, but it doesn't come up to this, that reaches me on tinted paper and with a scent of violets:

Dear Cholly Knickerbocker:

I may call you dear, may I not? You are such a saucy boy that I never know when you are in earnest or when you are only fooling. Now, I know Mr. Bourke Cockran, and he is just the loveliest man in the world. He is so kind, so gentle, so considerate. His voice is like a song and his face is simply beautiful. I've travelled all over the world and seen all the famous statuary of modern and ancient times, and there is only one statue in the world that can do Mr. Cockran justice—the statue of Apollo Belvidere. APHRODITE.

Some mysterious person who signs himself "One Far on the Inside," insists that the only statue for Mr. Cockran to resemble is that of Mars. "I saw Mr. Cockran once at a dinner with Mr. Richard Croker," writes this correspondent, "and from the way that he conducted himself in the somewhat acrimoniously personal controversy that ensued I am convinced that he has the spirit of Mars. The only trouble was that Croker was so much more like Mars that when the controversy ended Mr. Cockran's solar plexus was figuratively if not literally disarranged." Of that I know nothing I have very little personal acquaintance with Mr. Cockran and none at all with his associates in the days before he was socially born again.

Hermes.

Tammany Hall, June 16, 1897.

Another correspondent, who seems to look at Mr. Cockran through political glasses, thinks that the two-faced statue of Janus ought not to be omitted from the controversy, but so far as I have observed, Mr. Cockran's face is all on the front side of his head, although it is quite large enough for two of the faces that one sees ordinarily in the Waldorf cafe.

Hephaestus was too ill-shaped; Cupid too far beneath the physical dimensions of Mr. Cockran; and even Hymen must be rejected, although Mr. Cockran has been twice married and is now a widower.

But of all the letters that have come to me in elucidation of the problem as to what Greek statue Mr. Bourke Cockran resembles, the following is the most unexpected and certainly not the least interesting:

Cholly Knickerbocker, Esq.:

Dear Sir—My knowledge of Greek statues is confined to the image of the god Pan that has been denied a place in Central Park by the present Reform Administration. They tell me that Pan could play more tunes on his pipes than any other earthly or unearthly creature. For this reason, I would respectfully suggest that, bar his whiskers, Pan's statue is the one that Mr. Bourke Cockran resembles, for that gentleman can play a greater variety of tunes on his political pipes than Pan ever dreamed of. SACHEM.

Inasmuch as I know nothing of politics, I must decline to leave the field of strictly social discussion. And so I draw the curtain here, with the hope that when the Hon. Bourke Cockran does come back to America looking like a Greek statue some of my readers may at least recognize him. If no definite conclusion can be arrived at from these letters, I am sure that the accompanying illustrations will establish identity beyond all possibility of doubt.

Everybody is congratulating William Payne Thompson on the announcement of his engagement to Miss Edith Blight. He is one of the most popular of the younger chappies, and his fiancee is a New York and Newport belle. She and her sister have been conspicuous for the past two seasons, and are right in the centre of the inner circle of the Four Hundred. Both are noted for their beauty, amiability and accomplishments. As for "Willie" Thompson, I am really at a loss for words to express my admiration of that young gentleman. He is so modest, so unassuming, so considerate of other people that I am sure he will make a model husband. For this reason Miss Edith Blight is to be congratulated quite as heartily as her betrothed.

"Willie" Thompson and his brother, "Lou," are sons of the late William P. Thompson, head of the Lead Trust and purchaser of the Brookdale Stud after the death of David Dunham Withers. Both the Thompson boys are ardent lovers of the thoroughbred, but decided recently to retire from the turf. This was a puzzle to those of us who were aware of "Willie's" enthusiasm for horse racing, but it is very clear now that he had determined to marry and settle down to the more sedate occupation of managing his large fortune.

Miss Leary will give a dinner to-night in her bandbox of a house, No. 90 Fifth avenue, in honor of Archbishop Martinelli, the Apostolic Delegate. Among the guests will be Archbishop Corrigan, Father McMahon, Father Connelly, Father Van Rensselaer, Father Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. John Vinton Dahlgren, Mr. and Mrs. Van Brugh Livingston, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Addis Emmet and Mr. and Mrs. George Waddington White. There will be music of a sacred sort and the decorations will be white. Miss Leary's little red brick dwelling is getting to be pretty well hemmed in by big business buildings, but she still retains her residence and dispenses her hospitality in the same old place, and will probably continue to do so.

Here is a whole batch of gossip for you. The "Dandy Dozen" led by the gallant Colonel McCoskry Butt, who sometimes fights and sometimes faints, will go into camp at Peekskill next Saturday for a week. Of course Jimmy Gerard, Jr., George Dyer, Peter Stuyvesant Pillot, Frank Underhill and all the other bold sons of Mars will be on hand to glorify their regiment.

Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Scott, who was Miss Fanny Remsen, have been sipping the sweets of the honeymoon at the Hoffman House, but expect to return to New London this week. Mrs. Scott is looking supremely happy and remarkably well.

Mr. and Mrs. "Jack" Astor have arranged to take a large party of friends to see the Suburban Handicap next Tuesday. "Jack" doesn't care much for horse racing, although his father owned quite an extensive stud of thoroughbreds at one time. That does not interfere with Astor hospitality, however, which is always admirable.

Henry Clews will open "The Rocks," his Newport place, on July 1. "The Rocks," by the way, is a good name for Henry Clews's Summer home. Mrs. Clews will join him there on her return from Europe in August. Mrs. Clews went abroad to join her son, Henry Clews, Jr., who has been studying in Lucerne all Winter. They are now travelling over the Continent on what Mrs. Clews calls an educational trip. Young Clews is very popular with the younger set of girls, and when he returns to America will doubtless become a star beau. Miss Elsie Clews is at present salmon fishing on the Restigouche with Mr. and Mrs. Stanford White and Miss Benedict. She is clever at handling a rod and reel, and filled her father's heart with pride and joy the other day when she sent him a twenty-four-pound salmon that she had caught "all by herself."

Sousa and Fireworks.

Sousa of the inspired baton, Pain with his fireworks and a large number of corkscrews opened the Manhattan Beach season yesterday and opened it thoroughly.

Incidentally, the three of them opened several thousand pocketbooks, and they, too, were opened thoroughly; for, if your memory has stood the strain of a twelvemonth, you are aware that Manhattan Beach is no social democracy, where the highest priced things of this life are to be had for nothing. This observation is no reflection upon either Sousa or Pain, both of whose programmes were principally addressed to the ear and could be enjoyed without money and without price from a chair on the hotel piazza. There is no charge for the hotel piazza chairs.

But of all the glib and insinuating pocketbook openers to be encountered in this vale of tears defend me from the Manhattan Beach corkscrew, though the temperature blows hot or cold. Yesterday it blew from the east a perpetual and peremptory summons for hot Scotches, and fashion demanded that you sit out on the plazza in the teeth of it. As there is but one substitute for hot Scotch, and that costs $4 a bottle (Summer resort price), and as no properly constituted seashore proprietor ever so much as heard the name of hot Scotch, it is needless to say more.

It cannot be denied, however, that it was a very successful opening. It was the twentieth in the history of that resort. The familiar faces of many a previous opening were there. In spite of the inhospitable temperature the ladies were loyal to the occasion as to costume, though some of those who are never seen in bathing suits gave the impression of goose flesh ill-concealed by their laces.

In consideration of the foregoing you will please understand that the augury is for a Manhattan Beach season destined to eclipse all preceding ones. If pocketbooks must continue to be opened, I know of no other place where they may be opened more agreeably.

Sousa's frantic followers nearly robbed him of his dinner. Every time the end man on the left in the front row took his mouth from his instrument with intent to display a card with another programme number on it he was forced to desist and wet his lips for an encore.

Sousa is the personification of generosity. He cannot bear to refuse a request for an encore. This disposition on his part was most confusing to a lot of people who sat in my neighborhood, who for a good hour were never certain whether the new march, "The Stars and Stripes Forever," had got past them unnoticed or was still to come. If hereafter in a mixed gathering you should hear it solemnly affirmed that some of the choicest compositions of Rubinstein, Weber and St. Saens are each and collectively Sousa's new march, don't dispute it. The blame belongs to the man who is burdened with the double duty of blowing into the end of a hollow stick and manipulating programme cards.

Sousa's frantic followers accepted his new march with enthusiasm—though they showed no signs of displeasure when the band played something else for an encore. "The Stars and Stripes Forever" is patriotic, there is no doubt about that. It suggests most of the themes employed by liberty-loving composers on this soil. The concluding phrase for the cornets has a note to match each syllable of the title—and you can figure out what a familiar sound it must have. Persons whose patriotism is more highly developed than their ear for music will probably find the new march an exceedingly good thing. But it has no independent character like those which give their charm to "El Capitan" and "The Washington Post." The work of the band was certainly superb—never better, never so good, in fact. In the "Tannhauser" overture it proved its training.

And Sousa has trained himself, as well as his band. His repose is perfect. Whether he does it with malice aforethought or not, he could hardly do a more effective thing than to stand as immovable as a statue, hands by his sides, head slightly bent forward, while his musicians are engaged upon the most difficult part of their task.

Some one observed that Sousa had learned the trick of directing with his eyebrows. I am prepared to believe it is so.

The two programmes were well varied, with not too much of Wagner, and, apparently, not enough of Sousa. In truth, it is rather hard to get too much of Sousa—when the east wind blows at Manhattan Beach and there are no hot Scotches to stir the blood.

As to Mr. Pain and his fireworks opening, it sticks in my mind that his background of the rugged mountains of Thessaly, out of which the Volo River flows toward you under a "practicable" bridge into the sea at your feet, where the Grecian gunboats lie, and the forts with their big guns frown upon you, and later belch forth flames that seem to singe your very eyebrows, while the Turks by legions pour over the bridge and fall upon the white-skirted Greeks, and finally the forts and the gunboats blow up, and the air is full of the wholesome smell of powder—it sticks in my mind, I say, that Mr. Pain's Graeco-Turkish war at Manhattan Beach is a very effective imitation indeed, if not the most effective of the several imitations of other wars he has provided in the past.

Mr. Pain has not attempted to reproduce a relief map of the entire war-inflicted portion of Greece, as Greece, though a small country, is somewhat larger than Manhattan Beach; but he has grouped typical and important features of the battlefield and of the fighting mechanism of the two countries in a very realistic manner, and applies his skill at pyrotechnics with results that are appropriate and satisfying.

The Manhattan Beach season having been thus auspiciously opened, and there being signs of a change of the wind to a more temperate quarter, and the programme containing two long ecstatic months of light opera, besides Sousa and Pain, I should say that prospects in that locality were rather bright, in spite of the insidious and expensive hotel plazza corkscrew.

CURTIS DUNHAM.

Where Advice Can Be Found.

[Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.]

"J. Addison!"

"Yes, sire?"

"I wish you would watch the newspapers carefully and cut out for my inspection all the commencement essays and orations you find."

"Yes, Your Excellency; but may I inquire why you want them?"

"Certainly. I want to know how to dispose of certain grave questions which are pressing for solution."

Must Pay Taxes.

[Detroit News.]

The lilies of the field toil not, neither do they spin, but under the beneficent Republican tariff they'll have to pay taxes.